

Cleveland Earns Fourth Game of World's Series With Slashing Attack That Leaves the Dodgers Helpless

INDIANS' BATS EARN FOURTH

Hitting, Fast Base Running and Coveliskie Too Much for Dodgers.

SPIT BALL IS ELUSIVE

Cleveland Club Performs With Greater Skill Than in Brooklyn.

By WILLIAM B. HANNA.

Special Despatch to THE HERALD. CLEVELAND, Oct. 9.—Familiar surroundings and the stimulus of a home crowd made a great change in the American League champions to-day and they swung the stick with such force as to make the fourth game of the world's series a one-sided and clean-cut victory over the Brooklyn Dodgers. The Indians won by a score of 5 to 1, and they opened out with better batting than in any previous contests of the blue ribbon test and with fine spurts of speed on the bases.

Good batting, fast base running and Coveliskie were the predominant factors. Coveliskie, the spitball genius of the club, was a greater riddle to the Brooklyn bats than in the first game. Instead of getting the bang of his inundated service through having faced it once they felt further under its hydrated spell. They were held to four hits by the Polish star and were engaged in a losing battle from the start.

Profusion of Hits.

The Dodgers made four hits, the Indians twelve. The latter batted forth with hits in profusion, which was a marked contrast to their batting at Ebbets Field, and they made the twelve off an assorted lot of pitching. The Indians, however, thought Cadore the man to hold them in leash, but was undeceived before the second inning had passed into history.

Cadore was knocked to the quiver by the clubhouse in the second inning and Maunax was driven to the same secluded spot in the third, with the bases filling about him fast. A few more scattered off the pitching of Marquard and Pfeiffer, but both of them were much better than Cadore or Maunax. As things turned out Pfeiffer would have been the man to start. In the seventh inning he showed the single defensive, he wasn't everything. He prevented them from scoring although they had two on bases and nobody out.

The fielding of the Indians was impeccable, and they gave on such unconvincing attempts as the Dodgers made to rally with double plays carried through with vim and accuracy. They played with much the same style and confidence as the Brooklyn players in the third game. On the other hand the Dodgers were not up to their usual excellence. The fact that they couldn't damage Coveliskie deprived them of some pep and they were a bit befuddled by the impetuosity of the Cleveland attack.

Myers Roams Prairies.

The Cleveland infield spruced up a lot with a day's rest, Wambagans was especially spry as a pivot man at second and Gardner and Sewell cavorted with dash and spirit. No single defensive man, however, stood out as clearly as Myers in center field. He roamed the prairie to the last inch of its acreage and was sure on his catches.

Center and right field were decidedly restricted by a new stand which had been erected out there to take care of a thousand or more additional fans. It started down the center field in half way to the right foot line and was fifty feet or more deep.

One corner jutted sharply out on the playing field. It turned out that not a ball was hit into this stand, but none the less it would have been fairer to both teams had there been no such structure. It was an encroachment on territory rightfully belonging to players well off without. It was not in keeping with the spirit of plenty of playing space at world series games.

Cheer National Leaguers.

The crowd though noisy was generous and fair for a concourse of fans as they are here. Good plays by the Dodgers did not pass without the recognition and the work of the National Leaguers received all the applause it deserved.

Having faced Coveliskie twice, the Dodgers won't face him again for two days, anyway, and they were going faster than good judgment dictated, and after he had passed Wambagans' goaded him for a single to center. Smith peeled off a single to center, scoring Wambagans and setting Speaker to straggle. Gardner's lofty fly to Myers was Speaker's signal to race to the plate. With two runs in the Indians subdued as W. Johnston struck out.

Rear With Increasing Volume.

After all the presentations, flowers and automobiles and such knick knacks the last ray rooster was chased from the playing enclosure and the gladiators got down to the business of the game. Coveliskie curled a strike over Olson and the Fifth City fans roared. They roared with increasing volume when Gardner threw Olson, Sewell made a long throw, Jimmy Johnston and Coveliskie curled a strike over Olson and the Fifth City fans roared. They roared with increasing volume when Gardner threw Olson, Sewell made a long throw, Jimmy Johnston and Coveliskie curled a strike over Olson and the Fifth City fans roared.

Cadore Started in Whipping the Ball.

Cadore started in whipping the ball up to the plate with scarcely any pause between pitches. He was going faster than good judgment dictated, and after he had passed Wambagans' goaded him for a single to center. Smith peeled off a single to center, scoring Wambagans and setting Speaker to straggle. Gardner's lofty fly to Myers was Speaker's signal to race to the plate. With two runs in the Indians subdued as W. Johnston struck out.

It Was a Pugnacious Start by Cleveland.

It was a pugnacious start by Cleveland and had the noisiest lot of fans in the world in transports of delight. All the Dodgers did in their half of the game was to hit two cinch flies and an equally cinch grounder. Sewell in the home half led off with a safety to the right field screen. Good playing by Griffith held it to a single.

O'Neill belted a single through Johnston and Cadore's work was done for the day. The American League had "necated" his enticement to rise from his slump for a multiplicity of reasons. And he was determined to do his rising on this day for the very good reason that this was his birthday. To-day he was twenty-two years old, and Joey from Alabama made good.

Official Score of Fourth Game of World's Series

BROOKLYN (N. L.)						CLEVELAND (A. L.)						
AB.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.	AB.	R.	H.	P. O.	A.	E.	
Olson, S.....	4	0	1	3	0	Jameson, I.....	2	0	1	0	0	
J. Johnston, 3b.....	4	0	2	1	0	Evans, F.....	3	0	1	0	0	
Griffith, C.....	4	0	0	0	0	Wambagans, 2b.....	4	2	2	4	6	
Wheat, L. F.....	4	0	0	0	0	Speaker, C. F.....	5	2	2	3	0	
Myers, C.....	3	0	0	0	1	Smith, H. F.....	1	0	1	1	0	
Konetchy, 1b.....	2	0	0	5	0	Burns, J. F.....	2	0	1	0	0	
Kilduff, 2b.....	3	0	1	2	3	Gardner, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	0	
Miller, C.....	0	0	0	7	0	W. Johnston, 1b.....	1	0	0	0	0	
Cadore, P.....	0	0	0	1	0	Wood, F. F.....	2	0	0	0	0	
Maunax, P.....	1	0	0	0	0	Graney, J.....	1	0	0	0	0	
Marquard, P.....	0	0	0	0	0	Sewell, S.....	4	0	2	1	7	
Lamar, C.....	0	0	0	0	0	O'Neill, L.....	2	0	1	4	0	
Pfeiffer, P.....	1	0	0	0	0	Coveliskie, P.....	4	1	1	0	2	
Nels, C.....	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals.....	30	1	5	24	8	1	Totals.....	34	5	12	27	18

*Batted for Marquard in the sixth inning.
*Batted for J. Johnston in the ninth inning.

Brooklyn Nationals..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0-1
Cleveland Americans..... 2 0 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 5-5

Runs batted in—By Griffith, 1; by Evans, 1; by Smith, 2; by Burns, 2.

Two base hit—Griffith.
Sacifice—Gardner.
Double plays—Myers, Olson and Kilduff; Sewell, Wambagans and Burns; Gardner, Wambagans and Burns.

Left on bases—Brooklyn, 3; Cleveland, 10.
Hits—Off Cadore, 4 in one inning (none out in second); off Maunax, 2 in one inning (none out in third); off Marquard, 2 in three innings; off Pfeiffer, 4 in three innings.

Runs batted in—By Coveliskie, 1 (Konetchy); off Cadore, 1 (Wambagans); off Maunax, 1 (Coveliskie); by Marquard, 2 (Burns, Gardner); by Pfeiffer, 1 (O'Neill).

Bases on balls—Off Coveliskie, 1 (Konetchy); off Cadore, 1 (Wambagans); off Maunax, 1 (O'Neill); off Pfeiffer, 2 (Burns, O'Neill).

Struck out—By Coveliskie, 1 (Konetchy); off Cadore, 1 (Wambagans); off Maunax, 1 (O'Neill); off Pfeiffer, 2 (Burns, O'Neill).

Wild pitch—Pfeiffer.
Passed ball—Miller.
Losing pitcher—Cadore.
Umpire—Dineen at the plate, Klon at first base, Connolly at second base and O'Day at third base.

Time of game—1 hour and 54 minutes.

Nevertheless they were toppled one, two three in the third and hadn't been within shouting distance of first base. Maunax felt the weight of the Cleveland bats in the third. Wambagans singled, then Speaker. Each moved up an additional base, Wambagans taking third on a hit and Speaker racing to second on Myers' throw to third. Myers had no chance to get Wambagans and it was poor judgment throwing to third.

Exit Maunax, the second Brooklyn batter to be knocked out, and enter Marquard. With a southpaw in, Burns batted for Smith and luffed the lanky Rube for a single, which Wheat fumbled. Wambagans and Speaker sifted home off four balls. Three on bases and one to Coveliskie. He obliged with a home run ball to Kilduff and closed a disastrous inning.

There's such a thing as justice in the world. And the Clevelanders weren't to have all the fun. Coveliskie was mused in up a bit in the fourth. Hits by Johnston and Griffith helped the Dodgers to a run. Wheat and Myers landed with some authority, too, but good fielding by Speaker and Sewell reduced their bats to pulp.

Myers dived headlong to the turf in the fifth, and came up, grass stained but smiling, with Evans' earnest bid for a hit—a gorgeous catch, applauded tumultuously. No Clevelanders reached first base in the fifth and it had occurred in the game.

Tribe Blazes Swift Trail.

Coveliskie's first offense in the way of pouncing was to Konetchy in the fifth inning. The spitball had been under fine control. It still was, for it struck out Kilduff. Then Miller hit for a double play. Sewell gathered the ball back of second, tossed to Wambagans, who caught it with one hand and shot it like a bullet to Burns. The tribe blazed a swift trail. Yet with Marquard pitching, the going was harder for them. What did the Rube care for a little thing like being arrested? He fanned Olson in the fifth and made short work of Gardner and Wood.

Indians' Savage Attack

Beats Dodgers 5 to 1

Pound Four Pitchers While Brooklyn Is Helpless Before Coveliskie.

Continued From First Page.

strong to jam itself into a park which could accommodate only 27,000—these none too comfortably. It trooped into this arena with a fanfare of trumpets, a blowing of bugles and a shrieking of sirens.

It came ready to whoop things up for this team, which had given Cleveland its first pennant since it began its endeavors in the National League as far back as 1875. It was confident that its standard bearers ultimately would triumph.

And behind the valiant work of the Cleveland players to-day there was a sadder note. They were based on a ground which had seen the lamented Ray Chapman rise to his glory as one of the greatest shortstops in the game. They were back on ground hallowed, fighting not merely for the glory of Cleveland and the financial return for themselves but for the memory of a great player and a fond companion. And they never faltered. Had there been any temptation to slacken the attack or ease up the pace it would have been throttled by a look toward the seat where sat Chapman's widow, the pathetic victim of the most terrible accident in the history of the game.

Sewell Plays Everywhere.

Among the Cleveland fighters none strove more vigorously—than I take it—than Sewell. He was in the position left vacant by Chapman. In the last two games in Brooklyn Sewell had proved the weakest link in the Cleveland chain. His position was a broad avenue through which the Brooklyn bats swung many a successful blow. But to-day he was one of the strongest fielders and one of the most effective batters. He was here, there and everywhere when it came to turning back the Dodger batmen. He was brilliant. And at the bat he accounted for two singles. It so happened that neither of these hits counted in the run making, but they were hits just the same and just as well appreciated by the fans here as if they had won the game.

Sewell was determined to rise from his slump for a multiplicity of reasons. And he was determined to do his rising on this day for the very good reason that this was his birthday. To-day he was twenty-two years old, and Joey from Alabama made good.

Leading the Clevelanders in the attack

the greatest catch seen in many a world series.

To those who had attended the series games in Brooklyn the affair to-day was an open book. There were more Brooklyn a few lessons in the organization of enthusiasm, in spontaneity of outbursts, in the development of the proper color.

In so far as the decorations at the park were concerned the setting was just as sombre as that in Brooklyn. There was only one flag, out in centerfield. There was no bunting. There was no band. But the crowd made its own music. It was not that harmonious stuff which ordinarily goes by the name of music, but it was the greatest music in the world to the ball player and the baseball fan—the music which comes raucous from the male throat and shrill from the female—the music which comes from the human voice shouting encouragement, appreciation, wonderment. And Cleveland did not stint itself in that.

There was more color here this afternoon than there had been in all the games in Brooklyn. There were more women here than there had been at any game in Flatbush. But we will not say that there was more female quality than there had been in Brooklyn.

It is conceded that the girls and women of Cleveland are pretty, but it can no more compare with their sisters in the New York sector than a home run can compare with a two base hit.

The weather was just what it had been in Brooklyn on Thursday. It was that warmish Indian summer kind which comes with a kindly sun. There was a very slight breeze from the north, and the clouds were just what it took to keep the sun from being too hot.

Off in the distance where the hills meet the earth there was a hazy, light purple screen which came up to meet the blue. Behind left centre the hills ranged in the distance.

Almost everywhere in the park one could see human beings. There was almost a circle of men and women around the playing field, the only place where a bare and drab fence showed being in right field, half way to centre.

In right centre there was a huge and ugly thing which looked as if it might interfere with the men who were there. But it turned out that the stand was farther back than it looked, for nobody hit the ball into it.

Men Sit in Shirt Sleeves.

In the stands there was color and then some more color. It was a midsummer scene rather than one of early fall. In the bleachers there sat in their shirt sleeves. Furs were draped over the women. It was a big crowd, but it was a good natured one. It could afford to be, for things went its way. The hot honey of the double play found more ways of making noise and more opportunities for exercising its talents that we ever before heard at a world series game.

Notes of the Game.

Cleveland revelled in the triumph of its favorites. From the very first there was an air of supreme content about the city. The Indians, assuming the Indians simply could not lose.

Club officials discovered a stowaway in the park. He was not arrested, but was forced to leave the sanctuary wherein the game was being played.

Composite Box Score of First Four Games of the World's Series

BROOKLYN.

Player.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	tb	so	bb	sh	sb	avg.	po	a	e	Field.
Olson.....	13	2	5	0	0	0	5	1	3	0	0	.385	4	13	0	1,000
J. Johnston.....	14	2	3	0	0	0	3	2	0	2	1	.214	2	28	0	1,000
Griffith.....	13	1	4	2	0	0	6	1	0	0	0	.308	7	0	0	1,000
Wheat.....	15	1	5	2	0	0	7	0	1	0	0	.333	8	0	0	2,800
Myers.....	14	0	3	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	.214	10	1	0	1,000
Konetchy.....	12	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	.000	44	1	0	1,000
Kilduff.....	13	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	.000	16	0	0	1,000
Krueger.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	7	1	0	1,000
Marquard.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Lamar.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Maunax.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Miller.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	.100	0	0	0	1,000
Cadore.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Uhl.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Nunamaker.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Caldwell.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Pfeiffer.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	0	0	0	1,000
Totals.....	116	7	23	4	0	0	27	12	8	0	4	.198	105	53	3	.981

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND												
Player.	ab	r	h	2b	3b	hr	t	b	so	bb	sh	sb
Evans,lf.....	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Jameson,cf.....	7	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Wambagans,2b.....	23	2	3	2	0	0	2	1	3	0	1	0
Speaker,cf.....	13	3	2	0	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	0
Burns,1b.....	8	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
E. Smith,rf.....	6	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gardner,3b.....	13	0	3	1	0	0	4	1	1	0	1	0
Wood,rf.....	7	2	1	1	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	0
W. Johnston,1b.....	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Sewell,ss.....	13	0	3	0	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	0
O'Neill,c.....	7	1	1	0	0	0	1	2	2	0	0	0
Coveliskie,p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lunte,2b.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bagby,p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Graney,rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Uhl,p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nunamaker,c.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Caldwell,p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mails,p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	125	9	27	6	0	0	3	1	3	0	0	0